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# **A Trip to the Moon**

By

TRACY WELLS

**Dramatic Publishing Company**

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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*A Trip to the Moon* was premiered by Episcopal Collegiate School in Little Rock, Ark., in November 2021.

*CAST (playing multiple roles):*

Jillian Berry  
Nikko Curtis  
Hans Edwards  
Mary Katherine Griffin  
Julia Hall  
Elle Hill  
Ella Claire Moore  
Sarah Wallace Moore  
Lena Nelson  
Dylynn Smith  
Solomon Trice  
Matthew Vano  
Annie West

**PRODUCTION:**

Director/Designer..... James Mainard O’Connell  
Stage Manager ..... Victoria Bravo-Bowles  
Assistant Stage Manager..... Ryan Utecht  
Props and Costumes.....Katie Greer  
Light Board Operator..... Anna Lien  
Sound Board Operator ..... Khristian Neal  
Poster Design ..... Elisa Delorme  
Additional Crew..... Lucian Baugh, Garrison Brister,  
Evelyn Calhoun, Lena Hansen,  
Jorie Lien, Mary Kate Tursky,  
Matthew Vano, Finley Young

# A Trip to the Moon

## CHARACTERS

### ACT I

#### Scene 1: Bad Moon Rising

WOMAN (w): A woman trying to get a job at NASA.

MAN (m): A stressed-out employee of the space program.

#### Scene 2: Hot Fun in the Summertime

MICHELLE (w), TAMMY (w), JOHN (m) and MARTY (m):  
13 to 14 years old. Teens just trying to stay cool, while still  
looking cool.

MOTHER (w): Prerecorded or offstage voice.

#### Scene 3: Too Busy Thinking About My Baby

MARY (w): A mother worried for her son.

GLADYS (w): A neighbor excited about the moon landing.

HANK (m): A mail carrier.

#### Scene 4: You Can't Always Get What You Want

MEADOW (w): A teen who wants to go to Woodstock.

PAUL/PAULA (a): Her younger sibling.

MOTHER/FATHER (a): Her parent, who won't let her go.

#### Scene 5: Come Together

CHRIS (a): A young adult protesting for civil rights.

JESSIE (a): A young adult protesting the war.

SUZANNE (w): A young adult protesting for women's lib.

SARA (w): A teen who is ready to learn.

#### Scene 6: Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head

DAVID (m): A young man who has planned the perfect proposal.

SANDY (w): A woman trying to stay dry.

### **Scene 7: Space Oddity**

DONALD/DONNA (a): A film buff.

ALEX (a): Their less-than-impressed friend.

TERRY/TERRI (a): New member of the club.

### **Scene 8: I Can't Get Next to You**

RANDY (m): A guy who just wants to sit next to his crush.

LISA (w): Randy's crush.

JEFF (m): Randy's friend.

CINDY (w): Lisa's friend.

MOM (w): Randy's mom.

DAD (m): Randy's dad.

JACK/JACKIE (a): Randy's younger sibling who keeps getting in the way.

## **ACT II**

### **Scene 1: She Came in Through the Bathroom Window**

WENDY (w): A party clown with better places to be.

JEAN/GENE (a): The surprised occupant of the bathroom.

### **Scene 2: Suspicious Minds**

CARL/CARLA (a): Believes the moon landing was a hoax.

MAUREEN (w): A waitress.

### **Scene 3: Fortunate Son**

BRETT (m): A young soldier from a wealthy family who is out of his element in Vietnam.

JIMMY (m): A young soldier from the other side of the tracks.

### **Scene 4: Gimme Shelter**

BARBARA/BOB (a): An attendee at Woodstock who is ready to go home. Can also be Meadow from ACT I.

HIPPIES (a): At least four other attendees of Woodstock.

ANNOUNCER (a): Offstage or prerecorded voice.

### **Scene 5: These Eyes**

DIANE (w): A door-to-door makeup saleswoman just trying to make a sale.

CAROL (w): A housewife who realizes there might be more to her than just looking pretty.

JANET (w): Carol's modern daughter.

### **Scene 6: Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head (Reprise)**

DAVID (a): A groom hoping his wedding day stays dry.

SANDY (w): A bride enjoying whatever the day brings.

REVEREND (m): A wedding officiant.

### **Scene 7: Dizzy**

CATHY/CALVIN (a): A teen excited to be on the TV show.

STACY/STUART (a): Their friend.

BILL (m): Director of *Rock Around the Clock*.

ACE MASTERSON (m): Host of *Rock Around the Clock*.

DANCERS (a): At least three dancing teens; nonspeaking.

### **Scene 8: Here Comes the Sun**

WOMAN (w): A woman who gets the job.

MAN (m): Her surprised new boss.

## PRODUCTION NOTES

Information regarding casting, setting, cutting and properties, among other production notes, can be found in the back of the book.



# A Trip to the Moon

## ACT I

### Scene 1: Bad Mood Rising

AT RISE: *Interior of an office. A desk is C with a chair behind it, and files, paperwork, a telephone and an intercom are on top. MAN is seated at the desk, looking through paperwork, and is obviously stressed.*

MAN. Where are those specs? They're supposed to be right here. *(Puts down a folder, chooses another and starts leafing through it.)* This isn't it. *(Puts it down and chooses another, leafing through it.)* Why is it that I can never find what I need! *(Slams down the folder and pushes a button on the intercom.)* Sharon, can you come in here for a second?

*(He releases the button and listens. We hear the sound of loud static.)*

MAN *(cont'd)*. Great. Now the intercom is broken. *(Sighs, exasperated.)* This is NASA—the technological marvel of the world—and I don't even have a working intercom. *(Calls offstage.)* Sharon! *(Waits a moment, but no one comes. He grows angry.)* Sharon!!!

*(WOMAN enters, holding a briefcase. MAN is confused.)*

MAN *(cont'd)*. You're not Sharon.

WOMAN. No, sir.

MAN. Who are you?

WOMAN. I'm here for the interview.

MAN (*confused*). Interview?

WOMAN. For the engineering job.

MAN. How did you get an interview for an engineering job?

WOMAN. You mean because I'm a woman?

MAN. No. Because we've just sent the Apollo 11 to the moon in the hopes of achieving the first crewed lunar landing in human history! Who in their right mind scheduled a job interview at a time like this?

WOMAN. I would suspect someone in your human resources department.

MAN (*pushes the button on his intercom*). Sharon!

*(Sound of loud static is heard.)*

WOMAN. Your intercom isn't working properly.

MAN. You think? (*Calls offstage.*) Sharon!

WOMAN. Sharon isn't out there.

MAN. How do you know? You don't even know who Sharon is.

WOMAN. I assume it's the woman who's supposed to be sitting at the desk out there. (*Points offstage.*)

MAN. Yes. Sharon is my secretary.

WOMAN. Well, then you should probably know that Sharon is gone.

MAN. What do you mean she's gone?

WOMAN. I mean, her desk is empty.

MAN. She probably just went to powder her nose.

WOMAN. No, I mean her desk is empty. Spotless. Like no one lives there anymore.

MAN (*as he crosses toward offstage, as if looking out the door*). That's not possible.

WOMAN. I think Sharon quit.

*(WOMAN crosses to the intercom and picks it up, looking at it.)*

MAN *(looking offstage)*. She's gone!

WOMAN *(as she opens her briefcase, pulling out a small screwdriver kit)*. Like I said ...

MAN *(turning back to WOMAN, aghast)*. I think Sharon quit!

WOMAN. I wonder why ...

*(She uses a screwdriver to fix the intercom during the next few lines as MAN continues to look offstage during his lines.)*

MAN. That's the third secretary I lost this month!

WOMAN. You don't say?

MAN. People just don't want to work these days.

WOMAN. Or they don't want to work for you.

MAN *(ignoring her)*. What am I going to do without a secretary?  
Who's going to answer the phones?

WOMAN *(puts the finishing touches on the intercom and sets it down)*. I'm sure you'll manage.

*(She puts the toolkit in her briefcase, closes it and sets it on the floor.)*

MAN *(gets an idea)*. Hey!

*(He finally turns and crosses back to WOMAN.)*

MAN *(cont'd)*. You don't have any secretarial skills by any chance, do you?

WOMAN *(annoyed)*. Absolutely not.

MAN. I thought you were here for a job.

WOMAN. An engineering job.

MAN. 'Cause I could hire you on the spot if you were interested in the secretarial position.

WOMAN. Like I said, I'm here for the engineering job. *(Holds out her resume.)* Here's my resume.

MAN. Right. *(Scans her resume quickly.)* School. Internship. Great. *(Throws it on the pile on his desk, then picks up a folder and starts leafing through it.)* Like I said, we're about to land a spacecraft on the moon tomorrow. It's not a good time for a job interview.

WOMAN. But your human resources department set this up and your secretary Sharon confirmed this appointment with me yesterday.

MAN. Sharon doesn't work here anymore.

WOMAN. I'm aware.

MAN *(not looking up)*. You're just going to have to reschedule.

WOMAN. With who?

MAN. My secretary.

WOMAN. You don't have a secretary.

MAN *(looking up at her, with a smile and a question in his eyes)*. I would if you're interested ...

WOMAN. Not a chance.

MAN *(looks back at the folder)*. Then I'm afraid you're just going to have to come back next month.

WOMAN. Next month! But I drove two hours to get here. Are you sure you can't spare a few minutes?

MAN. I'm sorry you've come all this way, but the spacecraft is scheduled to land in *(Looks at his watch.)* T-minus twelve hours, and I just don't have time for this.

WOMAN. I understand. *(Picks up her briefcase.)*

MAN (*looking around on his desk*). And if I don't find the specs for the lunar module soon, we could have a real disaster on our hands!

WOMAN (*picks up a folder*). You mean *these* specs?

(*MAN rips them out of her hand.*)

MAN. Hey! Those are classified. (*Looks at them, then up at WOMAN.*) How did you find those? Are you some kind of Russian spy or something?

WOMAN (*pointing to the folder*). The label says "lunar module specs."

MAN. Ah. Right. (*Smiles, sheepishly.*) Thanks.

WOMAN (*holds out her hand*). So, next month then.

MAN (*shaking her hand*). Next month. Just call my secretary to set it up. (*Smiling.*) Unless ...

WOMAN. Nope. Not a chance.

MAN. I had to ask.

(*WOMAN exits as he looks at the specs. He finds what he's looking for on the specs.*)

MAN (*cont'd*). There! I knew there was a tiny flaw in the axle. (*Closes the folder.*) I need to let mission control know right away! (*Pushes the button on the intercom.*) Sharon! (*Waits a minute, then remembers.*) Oh, right. (*Turns to exit, then turns back, realizing that there is no static.*) Hey! The intercom's fixed. (*Looks where WOMAN exited.*) Did she? (*Shakes his head.*) Couldn't have.

(*He starts to exit, stops, looks back, thinks, shakes his head and then exits as lights fade to black.*)

**Scene 2:**  
**Hot Fun in the Summertime**

*(Exterior of a city street. A cooler is C with two lawn chairs flanking it on either side. MICHELLE and TAMMY are seated in the lawn chairs, obviously warm. MICHELLE fans herself with a paper fan.)*

TAMMY. It is soooo hot!

MICHELLE. Tell me about it.

TAMMY *(reaching into the cooler and pulling out a double Popsicle)*. You want a Popsicle?

MICHELLE. I've already had two.

TAMMY. Good. More for me.

*(She splits the Popsicle in two and starts to suck on one.)*

MICHELLE. That must be you're ninth Popsicle!

TAMMY. Try tenth. I had one when you went to get that fan.

MICHELLE *(reaches out and grabs the other Popsicle)*. Give me that!

TAMMY. Hey!

MICHELLE. Oh, don't fuss, Tammy. I'm sure you brought extras.

TAMMY. You got that right.

MICHELLE *(opens the cooler, shocked by what she sees)*. How many Popsicles did you bring?

TAMMY *(patting the cooler)*. My mom said it was OK. She told me to get out of the house for awhile before we watch the moon landing.

MICHELLE. She's not gonna make you stay outside all day, is she?

TAMMY. Pretty much. She says it good for me. She wants me out of the way so she can watch her soaps.

MICHELLE. That stinks.

TAMMY. Tell me about it. But we could go to your house if you want.

MICHELLE. Nope. My mom kicked me out too.

TAMMY. Moon landing?

MICHELLE (*nods in agreement*). Moon landing.

TAMMY. Parents are the worst.

MICHELLE. Tell me about it.

*(TAMMY and MICHELLE suck on their Popsicles for a moment, then TAMMY leans over the side of her chair dramatically.)*

TAMMY. I'm sooooo hot! I think I'm going to die!

MICHELLE. I'm melting into a puddle as we speak.

TAMMY. I'm burning to a crisp.

*(JOHN and MARTY enter, unseen by the girls, holding squirt guns.)*

MICHELLE. I'm sweating like a pig!

JOHN (*teasing*). Oink, oink, baby!

*(JOHN and MARTY start squirting them with the squirt guns. TAMMY and MICHELLE suddenly sit upright and hold their hands up to protect themselves.)*

MICHELLE. Cut it out, John!

TAMMY. What are you guys doing here?

MICHELLE. You got nothin' better to do than mess with a couple girls?

MARTY. Hey! We can be here if we want to. You girls don't own the street.

JOHN. Yeah! The street's public property. We can be here if we want.

TAMMY. Why would you want to be out here? It's super hot.

MARTY (*with a smirk*). You're out here.

TAMMY. My mom kicked me out of the house for the day.

Said I couldn't come home until it was time to watch the moon landing.

MICHELLE. Mine too.

JOHN. Yeah, ours too.

MICHELLE. Parents stink.

JOHN. Tell me about it.

*(JOHN and MICHELLE smile and stare at each other for a moment too long.)*

MARTY. Keep staring like that, and your eyes are gonna pop out of your head.

*(MARTY and TAMMY chuckle as JOHN and MICHELLE break their stare. MICHELLE looks down and smiles to herself while JOHN slugs MARTY in the arm. MARTY rubs his shoulder.)*

MARTY (*cont'd*). Hey! What was that for?

JOHN. For runnin' your mouth in front of Michelle.

MICHELLE. It's all right, John. I know Marty was just kidding around.

MARTY. See! I was just kidding.

JOHN. Sure. Whatever. (*Trying to look cool.*) So you guys are stuck out here all day too, huh?

TAMMY. Yep. And we're frying like a coupla eggs!

MARTY (*trying to be funny, in a flirtatious way*). Scrambled or sunny side up?



TAMMY. Huh?

MARTY. You know? Because of the eggs ... scrambled or sunny-side up?

TAMMY. Fried.

MARTY. Huh?

TAMMY. The eggs. It's hot, so we're fried eggs, not scrambled.

MARTY (*finally understanding*). Ah, right. Gotcha.

TAMMY (*aside to MICHELLE*). Pathetic.

MICHELLE (*aside to TAMMY*). He's so into you.

TAMMY (*aside to MICHELLE*). I know.

*(TAMMY and MICHELLE giggle.)*

JOHN. What are you two laughing about?

MICHELLE (*with a coy smile*). Nothing.

TAMMY. You guys!

*(TAMMY and MICHELLE dissolve into loud laughter.)*

MARTY (*aside to JOHN*). I don't get it.

JOHN (*shaking his head*). It's a girl thing.

MARTY (*aside to JOHN*). They're so into us.

JOHN (*aside to MARTY*). I know.

*(JOHN and MARTY slap hands in a high five. The four of them endure a moment of awkward silence.)*

TAMMY (*trying to break the awkward silence*). So, I don't know if you guys know this or not, but my uncle is one of the mechanics on the Apollo 11 spacecraft.

MARTY (*excitedly*). No way! That is so cool!

TAMMY (*breaking into a smile*). I know! Isn't it? He said that once the mission is over he might be able to introduce me to Neil Armstrong.

MARTY (*impressed*). Wow! That would be amazing.

JOHN. No kidding!

MICHELLE (*leaning in toward JOHN*). Tammy said she'd bring me along to meet him too, didn't you, Tammy?

TAMMY. Sure did.

JOHN (*smiling at MICHELLE*). Very cool.

MARTY (*nervously, looking down at his feet*). So do you girls want to hang out until the moon landing? I mean, if you don't have anything else going on?

*(MOTHER calls out from offstage.)*

MOTHER (*offstage*). Tammy! Michelle! Come inside and get out of the heat for a little bit.

*(TAMMY and MICHELLE look at each other and smile.)*

TAMMY. You know what? I don't think it's that hot after all.

MICHELLE. I'm good to stay out for a little while longer if you are.

JOHN. Excellent!

*(JOHN and MARTY slap hands in another high five.)*

TAMMY (*reaches into the cooler and pulls out two double Popsicles*). You guys want a Popsicle?

MARTY. Sure!

*(JOHN and MARTY put their water guns on the cooler and take the double Popsicles. They both split their Popsicles, keeping*

*one half for themselves, while MARTY gives his other half to TAMMY and JOHN gives his other half to MICHELLE.)*

JOHN. Cherry! My favorite.

MICHELLE (*smiling at JOHN*). Mine too.

*(They stare at each other for a little too long. TAMMY picks up one of the squirt guns.)*

TAMMY. Looks like you too need a little cooling off!

*(TAMMY starts squirting MICHELLE and JOHN with the squirt gun.)*

MICHELLE. Hey!

*(MICHELLE picks up the second squirt gun and starts squirting TAMMY while JOHN and MARTY start to laugh. TAMMY and MICHELLE look at each other and smile.)*

MICHELLE (*cont'd*). Let's get 'em!

*(MICHELLE and TAMMY laugh and start squirting JOHN and MARTY, chasing them offstage as lights fade to black.)*

### Scene 3:

#### Too Busy Thinking About My Baby

*(Two mailboxes, either adjoined or side by side, are C. HANK enters, whistling and carrying a mail-carrier's bag. He stops at the mailboxes, reaches into his bag, pulls out some letters and starts sorting them. MARY rushes onstage, then slows, composes herself and crosses to HANK.)*

MARY. Good morning, Hank.

HANK. Morning, Mrs. Thompson.

MARY. Mary, please.

HANK. Sorry, Mrs. Thomp—er, Mary. *(Smiles sheepishly.)*

MARY *(takes a deep breath, nervously)*. Got anything good for me today?

HANK *(solemnly)*. Well, actually there is something.

MARY *(trying to remain calm)*. Oh?

*(HANK looks down at the letters he's sorting and pulls one out that has a large government stamp on it.)*

HANK. Now, it might not be anything.

MARY. I know.

HANK. Just because it's from them, doesn't mean—

MARY *(interrupting)*. But it's addressed to Jimmy?

HANK *(after a beat)*. Yes.

MARY *(takes another deep breath)*. OK.

*(GLADYS enters.)*

HANK. It's going to be OK, Mary.

GLADYS. What's going to be OK?

*(MARY looks down and swipes at her eyes as HANK tucks the letter back in his stack.)*

HANK *(quickly)*. Mrs. Thompson and I were just discussing the moon landing.

GLADYS. You worried about those astronauts, Mary?

MARY *(looks up, then waves her hand dismissively)*. No, no, I'm sure they will be fine.

GLADYS *(clicking her tongue)*. Oh, would you look at that? You are worried, Mary! I can see the tears in your eyes.

## PRODUCTION NOTES

**CASTING:** This play is designed to be very flexible. There are many possibilities for double or triple casting (or more). You may also assign genders or races as needed to any character, except those that are specifically indicated, due to the time period in which the play is set. You may also reduce the cast size by cutting scenes.

If casting Mother instead of Father in I.4, cut the following line said by Meadow: “No. You weren’t. Mom was in the delivery room by herself. You were too busy passing out cigars.”

Additionally, you are encouraged to cast the role of Chris in I.5 as a person of color. However, race is not specified for the role, so if you are working with a less diverse cast, you may cast the role with an actor of any race, as during the civil rights protests in 1969, people of all races came together to protest the inequalities and injustices that Martin Luther King and others fought so hard against. You are also encouraged to research and discuss the issues of civil rights, women’s equality and the Vietnam War, to better understand this important moment in United States history.

**SETTING:** Since this play takes place in many different settings, you just need to suggest where each of the scenes take place.

**TIME:** The summer of 1969, around the time of the moon landing and a month later.

**CUTTING:** The runtime of this script performed in its entirety is approximately 120 minutes. It can be shortened by cutting any scenes you would like. Each scene runs approximately 5 to 7 minutes.

PROPERTIES/SET SUGGESTIONS: The set for this play can be as simple or elaborate as you would like. One option would be to designate two to three playing areas on the stage and alternate scenes between the playing areas. You could use projections or a backdrop behind the scenes or use lighting changes. For each scene, set and prop requirements are as follows:

- I.1: A desk with files, paperwork and office supplies; an intercom; a résumé; and a small screwdriver kit.
- I.2: A cooler with Popsicles, two lawn chairs, a paper fan and two plastic squirt guns.
- I.3: Two mailboxes, a mail-carrier bag and assorted letters, magazines and catalogs.
- I.4: A sofa, a chair, three metal TV trays, three TV dinners, three forks, three napkins, and three glasses of orange drink.
- I.5: Intersecting street signs on a pole with one sign reading “Here” and the other reading “Now,” three large protest posters on wooden handles (one each with a message for civil rights, women’s equality and anti-Vietnam War), one blank poster with a wooden handle and a marker.
- I.6: A park bench, two potted flowering plants and a ring box with an engagement ring.
- I.7: Two chairs or bean bags, a movie screen and projector, a clipboard and a pen.
- I.8: A 1960s style television, a sofa, two chairs, a coffee table, a bowl of snacks and a tray with a pitcher of lemonade and seven glasses on it.
- II.1: A large window frame, a sink, a towel, a bag, some makeup, a hairbrush and a wad of cash.
- II.2: A diner table with two chairs, a pot of coffee, a coffee cup and saucer, a notepad and pencil, a newspaper, a tray, a dinner plate, a small side plate and a bowl.
- II.3: A green canvas tent (optional), at least three wood crates, a couple of sandbags, a piece of wood, a pocketknife, a rucksack with various items inside (including a toothbrush), and two faux rifle ends.

II.4: A sleeping bag.

II.5: A sofa and coffee table, a tissue box, dusting cloth and a makeup case filled with makeup.

II.6: A wedding arch or park bench decorated for a wedding, two potted flowering plants and a ring box with a wedding ring.

II.7: A long, thin, 1960s style microphone and a clipboard.

II.8: A desk with files, paperwork and office supplies; an intercom and a résumé.

You may also use boxes or other nontraditional set pieces to represent sofas, tables, chairs, etc. This piece is meant to be easy to produce no matter your location, budget or style.

**COSTUMES:** Attire should reflect styles worn in 1969. A clown costume is required for II.1; a waitress costume or apron is required for II.2; 1960s Vietnam soldier fatigues or green cargo pants and a tank top are required for II.3; a wedding dress, tuxedo and clergy costume are required for II.6. All other scenes are either casual or business attire of the time period.

**LIGHTS/SOUND/VIDEO:** Flashing lights for lightning and the sound of thunder and rain is required for I.6 and II.6. The sound of a comedy TV program is required for I.4. The sound of children laughing and playing is needed for II.1. A 1960s sounding pop song or music is needed for II.7. The public domain film *A Trip to the Moon* is played during I.7. The broadcast of the moon landing is played during I.8.

For the moon landing, you can use the video from the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum. One minute and 25 seconds in you'll hear a beep and then "Buzz this is Houston F211 60th seconds for shadow ..." to two minutes and 38 seconds, which is just after Neil Armstrong says, "One giant leap for mankind."